

COLEMAN MINER

Volume 2, No. 32

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, August 13, 1909

\$2 00 Yearly



Cabinet Cigar Store AND

Barber Shop

We have the largest and most up-to-date stock in the Pass of
Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes
and Fancy Goods for
Smokers, at the very
Lowest Prices

There is no end to the varieties we carry

We have also added a repair
outfit to our business and we
are now prepared to mend any
pipe you can bring to us

M. E. GRAHAM, Prop.

Pastime Pool Room

Is the place to spend
your leisure hours. All
admit that more pleasure
is derived from a game of
Pool or Billiards than any
other indoor amusement.

We stock the highest
grades of imported Cigars
and Cigarettes. Our line
of Pipes, Tobaccos and
smokers sundries is com-
plete.

We solicit a share of
your patronage.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD
Physician and Surgeon
Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd
Street
Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

Some "Ifs" If you come
our way we will send
you a \$ with us it is merely ex-
changing the money for its equivalent
in jewelry certainties. What we give
you will be as sound and genuine as
the money. If you are a careful
spender this store will appeal to you
on the score of economy. If you're
anxious to secure goods which aren't
afraid of the closest scrutiny this is a
good place to come. It is a good place
to come to for every reason that
makes one store better than another.
Glad to greet you at any time.

Alex. Cameron
Watchmaker, Optician
and Issuer of Marriage Licenses

E. Disney

Contractor and Builder

Brick, Lime, Hard Wall
Plaster, Coast Flooring,
Mouldings, Doors and
Windows always on
hand.

Lumber of all Kinds

T. Ede
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC
Halmore, Alberta

COLEMAN JOTTINGS

Happenings of Interest in and
Around This Bustling Town.
You Are Talked About

We shall thank our readers for all items of
interest which they may be able to furnish
us for publication. Phone 6A. P.O. Box 73

The International is now working
three shifts.

Coleman Grocery open for business
on Saturday.

A blue mark on your paper indicates
that your subscription is due.

Mrs. J. Emmerson is in Blairmore
with her sister Mrs. Thos. Hills.

J. J. Brantiff of Pincher Creek was in
town yesterday on a business trip.

Extra special prices at the Coleman
Grocery for Saturday and Sunday.

The Coleman Mercantile are offer-
ing a big reduction on goods this week.

Go to the Coleman Grocery for high
class groceries, fruits and provisions.

D. J. Hill has been appointed agent
for the Royal Collieries coal in Cole-
man.

Otto Soronen who was slightly hurt
in the mine last week is now able to
be around again.

A. Morrison has completely re-
novated his billiard room. More tables
are expected shortly.

Each week sees twenty-five per cent
added to the new union, a healthy
sign if nothing else.

Word has just been brought to the
office that a matrimonial bureau is to
be opened in Coleman.

Save your money by buying high
quality of goods at reduction prices at
the Coleman Mercantile.

Mr. Sutherland who took the Insti-
tutional pulp at both services last
Sunday, returned to Blairmore Sun-
day evening.

Postmaster McIntyre states that he
was more than surprised to see the
number of holidays, reported since he
left for Blairmore.

The sound of the hammer and the
saw, crowded streets in the evening,
and busy stores are indications of a
growing town.

Rev. Mr. Bott left Sunday evening
for Fairburn after preaching to a
large congregation in Coleman, Blair-
more and Frank.

Messrs Pearson and Finn will have
their opening day next Saturday,
when they will be enabled to
handle a large trade.

A great moral reform meeting was
held in Blairmore last night. It is to
be hoped that the meeting made pro-
gress in the direction of reform.

All students of astronomy will be
delighted to hear that a new star
will appear about Coleman in Septem-
ber. Frank Healy puts it on the
scene.

The Eagles contemplate building a
hall for lodge purposes shortly. The
site chosen is between the Eagle
Restaurant and Holly and McSween's bar-
ber shop.

A syndicate of theatre men in Cal-
gary intended within the next six
months erecting a large opera house
for stock companies, which are under
their control.

The Pacific Hotel is being renovated.
Everything is being done to make it
the most commodious rooming and
boarding house in Coleman. A septic
tank has been installed lately.

The MINER's columns are open to
any communications and letters that
any party, lodge, union or individual
may wish to be published, provided
always that the writer be responsible
for the matter handed in for publica-
tion.

Two concerts will be given, under
the auspices of the foot ball club, on
Saturday and Monday in the Opera
House. These concerts should be
well patronized as the foot ball team
has been playing well, and is deserv-
ing of strong support.

To the editor of the Coleman Miner.
Dear Sir:—If I may be permitted
to occupy a space in your paper I
would like to make a few remarks on
churches. As Coleman is growing so
rapidly and a great deal larger than
other towns which support regular
stationed ministers, I cannot see why
the Church of England cannot support
a minister when there appear so many
willing to assist in supporting one.

We need churches and ministers.
Thanking you,
A Church goer.

EXTENSIVE WORK GOING ON HERE

Water Works and Electric Light System Are Being Enlarged and Reinstated

The International Coal & Coke company is expending a
large amount of money in improving their water and electric
light systems. E. Morino who has the contract for laying the
water main will soon have the work completed. This will en-
sure for Coleman abundant water supply no matter what dis-
advantages may occur. The pressure is 140 pounds to the square
inch, which is a great factor in assisting the fire-fighters.

Owing to the high current used by the electric tramway,
the voltage runs as high as 225 volts. The average in eastern
cities is 104 volts. The council from time to time are increasing
the number of street lights, so that Coleman is beginning to
have every convenience accorded to larger cities.

THE FLYER STOPS AT COLEMAN

The "Miners" Efforts Have Not Been Unavailing

Station Master Smith informed us on Wednesday that
the Soo-Spokane flyer in the future would stop whenever
any passengers desired to get on or off. This will be a great
convenience to passengers and shows that the company is
striving to meet the demands of the Pass.

INQUEST HELD—VERDICT RE- TURNED—ACCIDENTAL DEATH

The jury empanelled by Coroner Disney met in the Police barracks on
Monday evening at 7.30 p.m. The members of the jury were, A. Morrison,
foreman, H. Gate, W. Bridgeford, W. Haley, D. McIntyre, and N. Finn.
Many witnesses testified as to the cause of the accident and conditions at the
mine, during which Mr. Livingston the Government Inspector of Coal mines,
asked many important questions.

The jury after careful consideration returned the verdict that "the de-
ceased came to his death, accidentally, by sustaining injuries from falling rock
in No. 2 seam 90 pillar."

NICKLEDOM

The nickle has long held sway in the
West; that is, it has held tightly to its
place as the lowest rung on the ladder.
The consensus of opinion still inclines
to the belief that the West is better
without the cent system. The more
careful and competitive East still id-
lizes the cent, and many an Easterner
on coming West still longs for the
cumbersome plate of copper. They
hold that the nickle standard increases
the price of the necessities of life.

Still the nickle has made a nickle-
dom for the East. To the thrifty and
poor it has cast a thousand blessings,
mainly in the form of pleasures, such
as theatre-going and so forth.

These themselves have an ethical
and educational value. Formerly only
those with ready cash could say that
life had in it that change of menu for
which our human nature so loudly
calls. The nickle is a true friend of
the indigent and has come practically
to be recognized as the coin par excel-
lence.

ROSALTA SOLD

Rosalta, the fast Blairmore horse,
broke all records in Macleod last week
in the half mile heats, doing first in
49.5, second 49 flat, and third in 49.5
and winning the race with ease. After
the race Rosalta was sold to Fred A.
Pingle, of Medicine Hat, for the sum
\$700. Mr. Pingle has arranged with
the former trainer, Spence Lewis, to
continue the good work and Mr. Lewis
left with the little mare for the coast
Saturday where she will take part in
the 30 day meet there commencing on
the 21st inst. Blairmore loses her best
advertisement in Rosalta who was
known throughout the west as the
"Fast Blairmore Mare."

Rosalta was a warm favorite in the
Pass and throughout Southern Alber-
ta, and many will be sorry to hear of
her "leave taking." It was generally
known that when Rosalta entered a
race that she was out to win and
never turned down her friends by the
"pull system."

LAWN TENNIS CLUB SOCIAL

A very pretty afternoon tea was
given on Aug. 7th, on the grounds of
the club by the members. Mrs. D. J.
Hill, the President's wife, poured tea
and was assisted by Mrs. Buchanan,
Mrs. Povah and Mrs. Whiteside.

A very enjoyable time was spent.
Among those present were, Madames
Hill, Whiteside, Povah, Buchanan, F.C.
Green, and Green (Cleveland). The
Misses Disney, Messrs. Hill, Whiteside,
Povah, Buchanan, Norrie, Michlin,
Graves, Crawford, Davidson and
Curtin.

The gentlemen played tennis during
the afternoon afterwards they were
served very kindly to ice-cream sup-
plied by the President.

IMPROMPTU

"Most people spend so much time
in getting a living that they have no
time to live."

One of the magazines prints these
words in large type in the centre of
the page. The statement is not only
true and striking, but wonderfully
true. It is a common mistake to lose
the end in the means that lead up to
it. Life is always more than meat and
warmth than raiment. It is sad when
men become so busy in making a liv-
ing that they are disqualified for liv-
ing.

Life is a struggle from birth to
death. Especially is this true if a
person seeks to do right and help to
maintain the right. The man who
acts conscientiously will be sure to run
up against the one who represents
craft and graft. The man who fights
the drink traffic will not be likely to
receive bouquets from the holder of a
saloon license. In view of this it is
necessary that good men should as-
sume an attitude of actual stoicism
toward the criticisms and thrust of
evil men. A little and thrown will
not hurt any one as long as it doesn't
stick to us. A righteously aggressive
man needs to be as good an anvil as
he is a hammer.

A LARGE FUNERAL

Probably the largest funeral in the
history of Coleman occurred on Sun-
day, when J. Emmerson, who died as
the result of injuries received in the
International Coal company's mine,
was buried. An impressive service
was held in the U. M. W.'s hall. The
Rev. Mr. Sutherland conducting the
service.

Before the service a short meeting
was held by the miners, who passed a
resolution expressing to the bereaved
widow their sincerest condolences.

The funeral cortege then proceeded
to the cemetery where the large num-
ber assembled sang, "Lead kindly
Light." The pall-bearers were, W.
Hayson, J. Price, D. Hall, G. Morgan
and Wm. Graham, secretary of the
Union.

Coleman, Alberta.

August 7th, 1909

To Mrs. J. Emmerson and Family,
Coleman, Alberta.

Dear Madam:

We, the fellow-workers and brothers
of the Coleman Local No. 2833, U.
M. W. of A., wish to tender our heart-
felt sympathy in this your hour of
need. We therefore resolve, that
whereas The Great and Supreme Ruler
of the Universe has, in his infinite
wisdom, removed from amongst us
one of our worthy and esteemed fellow
labourers Joseph Emmerson, and
whereas the intimate relation held
with him in the faithful discharge of
his duties in this society, makes it
eminently befitting that we record our
appreciation of him therefore. Re-
solved: that the sudden removal of
such a life from among our midst
leaves a vacancy and a shadow that
will be realized by all the members
and friends of this organization; and
will prove a serious loss to the com-
munity and public. Resolved: that
with deep sympathy with the bereaved
relatives of deceased, we express
our hope that even so great a loss to
us all may be overruled for good by
him who doeth all things well. Re-
solved: that a copy of these resolutions
be spread upon the records of this
organization, a copy printed in the
local newspaper and a copy sent to
the bereaved family.

Signed in behalf of the U. M. W. of
A.,

ED. HOLMES, President,
WM. GRAHAM, Secretary,
J. O. C. McDONALD,
H. SMITH,
H. JAMES, Committee.

ALBERTA FAIRS, 1909

Leduc—September 21
Daysland—September 22-23
Sedgewick—September 24
Innisfail—September 27-28
Vegreville—September 29
Lloydminster—September 30-October 1
Nanton—September 30-October 1
Pincher Creek—September 22
Magrath—September 23-24
Raymond—September 10-17
Cardston—September 28-29
Irwin—October 1
Didsbury—October 5-6
Ponoka—October 6-7
Lacombe—October 7-8
Alton—October 29
Viking—October 5
Three Hills—October 12
Pride—October 14

Rhos From Frank

William Tait, formerly of the West-
ern Mercantile, is in town.

Miss Stubbins, of Cranbrook, B. C.,
is staying at the Imperial Hotel, visit-
ing friends in this vicinity.

The shaft here is once more in work-
ing order which owing to the recent
floods was closed down for a while.

A. V. Lang is fixing up for pay day
by putting extra fixtures etc. Ours
is a busy little town. The Frank pay
day, however, will not occur until
Saturday, 22nd inst.

The Canadian American Coal Co.,
are putting in machinery and new
foundation at the electric light plant
in Frank. No light for three nights
and the only remedy was to repair to
the old original juice.

We had a very pretty wedding here
at 8 p.m. on Monday last, when Miss
Jeanie Petrie was married to Fred
Wolstenholme, owner of the Great
West Fuel & Trading Co., of Frank.
After the ceremony, the happy couple
took the flyer to Lethbridge. Our
heartiest congratulations on the event.

CROP REPORT

Crow's Nest Branch

Taber—All grain headed out; pros-
pects excellent; weather warm.
Lethbridge—Crops good; weather
favorable.

Macleod—Weather fine; crop condi-
tions excellent.

Pincher—Weather warm and fine;
harvest will commence in two weeks.

Cowley—Weather favorable; grain
ripening fast; no damage reported;
yield fall wheat estimated 30 bushels
to acre; all grain in good condition.

W. G. Gillett

Contractor and Builder

Turned Work and Brackets, Coast
Lath and Shingles, Rough and
Dressed Lumber, Cement, Brick
and Lime always in stock. Store
Fronts and Office Fittings, etc. a
Specialty. Estimates given free.
Moving and raising Buildings and
setting Plate Glass guaranteed
against damage.

Marble Quarry
All kinds of Stone furnish for
Building purposes on application
Sash and Door Factory and Yards,
Vernon Street, East of Hall

Nelson - B. C.

Notice of Dissolution

Notice is hereby given that the part-
nership heretofore existing between,
Frank Manifold & Frank Demousties
carrying on business as General Mer-
chants, at Blairmore, Alberta, under
the name of Blairmore Grocery Store;
was this day dissolved by mutual
consent.

All debts owing to the said part-
nership to be paid to Frank Manifold,
and all claims against the said part-
nership are to be presented to the said Frank
Manifold, by whom the same will be
settled.

Dated at Blairmore, Alberta, this
20th day of July 1909.

Frank Manifold,
Frank Demousties

We carry a full line of Hard-
ware, House Furniture, Crock-
ery, Fishing Tackle and all
kinds of sportsmen's outfits.

Our prices are reasonable
and our goods strictly first-
class

Plumbing a Specialty.

Coleman Hardware Co.

A RIVAL'S DOWNFALL

Out of Bitterness the Lovers
Snatched Happiness.

By ESTHER INSLIE.
(Copyright, 1920, by Associated Literary Press.)

If Daisel's store advertised a sale of silk dress goods in the Monday issue of the Rosemont Banner it was a certainty that the paper's Tuesday night number would contain an ad. from Thompson's store across the street telling of bargains in satins, with a side line of embroideries, at which Rosemont smiled appreciatively and reaped the benefit.

The town was proud of the proprietors of the two leading dry goods stores, for most of the young men left for the adjacent big city when it came time to make their way in the world, but Malcolm Daisel and Lewis Thompson within a year had each become settled down to make a living in their home town.

Perhaps it were better to say Rosemont was proud of their enterprise, for Lewis Thompson was not the type to inspire affection in the hearts of his townsmen. A man cannot be blamed for lack of magnetism and an attractive nature, but nevertheless he suffers for it, and Thompson possessed besides these drawbacks a hot-headed, quarrelsome disposition and a theory that every man has a right to look out for himself to the exclusion of any possible rights of others.

His aggressiveness made him enemies where Malcolm Daisel won friends by his mere cheerfulness and diplomacy. But each flourished on his own side of the street.

Not only were they rivals in business, but in the days of carrying schoolbooks there and seemingly been both one girl in the world in the eyes of each, Milly Walnwright, with the waves of soft brown hair and eyes that matched, with the sweet voice and appealing little ways.

Shrewd people even said the reason both boys stayed in Rosemont was that each was afraid to leave the other a clear field with Milly, who had never shown any preference between the two.

Lewis Thompson was a different man with her. Her mere presence smoothed and softened the aggressive young business man, and she smiled incredulously when stories of his cold shrewdness and overreaching deals came to her ears.

Yet unknown to herself Malcolm Daisel occupied a place in her life from which no one could dislodge him. Milly was in the delicious and dreamy state of suspended animation that prolongs unwittingly. Lewis was sweet to her, and even the growing wildness of her younger brother, Dick, which was sating her father and mother, and not power to do more than depress her momentarily.

"It's only because Dick is young," she told her mother half indignantly. "He will see the error of his ways before he ever does anything really wrong. Why, Dick wouldn't be really bad, it's absurd!"

She was great chums with the handsome eighteen-year-old boy, not because she did have faith in him but because she turned to her always in his rare spells of repentance. At present he had gone to work in a bank in the next town, six miles distant.

The Rosemont Banner had two columns of description, speculation and denunciation when Thompson's store was robbed. Malfactors were rare in Rosemont, and the thief who had done the work was perfunctory, but nevertheless Lewis Thompson discovered a back window pried open and nearly \$200 worth of silks and lace missing.

Three weeks later he was reduced to explosive rage by the discovery that again his store had been entered. This time a hundred dollars' worth of goods vanished. In his wrath the owner of the store telegraphed for a city detective and established a night patrol for the block. The city detective looked important, smoked good cigars of the leading citizens, who wanted to tell him their theories as to the robbery, had a very pleasant time and departed with dark hints as to future developments.

"At any rate," Lewis Thompson said vigorously, "with Maloney on hand as a watchman the thief won't get another chance!"

"It's hard luck, Lewis," sympathized Malcolm Daisel with his business rival. Thompson regarded him coldly. Of late Milly had been in Daisel's company more than he liked.

"Thanks," he said. "It's funny the thief doesn't attack your premises, Malcolm. I don't understand such favoritism unless it's because he knows where the best goods are!" He smiled somewhat maliciously as he made the fling.

"Superiority has its drawbacks, then," Daisel said quietly, holding his temper. He understood Thompson's grudge against him and could afford to be magnanimous, for he had begun to cherish a certain respect for the distant Thompson with Milly. For her he would endure much.

Lewis Thompson did not relax his vigilance as the week went by. One Thursday night as he made one of his personal trips of inspection, about 10 o'clock he started for his store on a run after finding the watchman, Maloney, knocked senseless at the door. And he was rewarded. The revolver in his hand covered the dark form of the man standing at the rear window with the faint gleam of a dark lantern on the floor beside him.

Yet even Lewis Thompson was

speechless when after his trembling fingers had turned on the rear light he saw the man before him was none other than Malcolm Daisel, who stood white and cold, clutching his cap.

"I can't comprehend," Thompson almost stammered, still covering the man with his revolver. "You—of all people!"

The man before him moistened his lips. "Lewis," he said at last, "will you believe me if I say, in spite of this, I'm not the robber—that is, just unfortunate circumstances that have brought this about? Will you?"

Lewis Thompson recovered his coolness, and he laughed shortly, sarcastically, glancing significantly at the dark lantern, the fallen lamp, the goods piled at hand for removal.

"I don't see any one but you, Daisel," he said curtly. "You've got to take your medicine. You can plead kleptomaniac, you know. Having your business made easy circumstances, no need to rob—why, of course, it's kleptomaniac!"

There was a little triumph edging into his laugh as he said this, and his rival dawned upon him. And it was likewise dawning upon his captive, who shut his jaw when the marshal, hastily summoned, almost refused to take the man in command to take the prisoner to the jail.

"Go ahead, Smith," was all that Malcolm Daisel would say, and he walked to the lockup with his head in the air. Lewis, who had shared the sessions of Smith the next morning, and the Rosemont Banner exhausted all its heavy black faced type that evening and paused only to take a breath before it was analyzing, horrifying, this downfall of a man like Malcolm Daisel, one of those queer crotchets out of hidden tendencies that sometimes strike the world's best.

The three days that intervened before his preliminary hearing drew Lewis in Daisel's face and gave him a pallor that he took care to bring. Yet he maintained those close shut lips and, further than stating he was not guilty, refused to talk.

When he faced his friends and neighbors at the preliminary hearing there was a trace of proud defiance in his glance that was yet strangely hurt.

For on many faces he read a dawning wavering in allegiance to him. Much talk had bred suspicion, and every one knew of the long rivalry between the two men. What more natural than that Daisel should attempt to turn the whole thing to his credit, and wait for the sensational disclosures.

The sensation came. As usual with sensations, it was quite different from that which had been expected. The white-faced girl with eyes reddened by tears, who suddenly presented herself struck pity from the heart of the hardest. She spoke rapidly, breathlessly.

"Malcolm Daisel," she protested, "with tight closed lips, I won't tell I will now that I know the truth. The whole thing was a mistake. Malcolm, who was watching, saw him and entered Thompson's store to save him, to get him away, to help him, and when Lewis Thompson came upon him—be, Malcolm, would not tell because—"

Milly Walnwright's voice died away, but the end of the sentence was furnished by Malcolm Daisel's quick step to her side and his firm grasp on her shoulder. Both had made their sacrifice for each other and out of the bitterness had snatched happiness. And Thompson, with the quickness of the human race, said it served Lewis Thompson right and he should have had more common sense.

Stephane Jack in Wrong.

Bob and Jim were Jack's old trades and worked together. One summer's morning Bob came round to Jim's house at the early hour of 8 and managed to wake him.

"Now, then," he cried, "hurry up. There's a big factory chimney wants pulling down about a mile away from here, and I want you to do the job. You're a foreman that if we could knock twenty feet off it before the authorities were about it would save the factory the expenses of a scaffold and I would mean a five pound note apiece for you and me."

"What, bob?" cried Jim. "Let's go." Their destination reached, they climbed to the top of the chimney, and soon masses of brickwork were falling to earth. A man who lived near was disturbed by the noise and started to make a fuss. "Here, bob," cried Jim, "you climb down and quiet that fellow. Keep him talking while I finish this job up here." So Bob climbed down and engaged the indignant man in conversation.

Suddenly Jim heard Bob calling to him and, looking down, saw his friend gesticulating wildly and beckoning him to come. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Let's go home, Jim, thundering quick. We're being pulled down the wrong chimney."—London Answers.

Indignant.

D'Auber is a big, heavy, bearded man who looks as though he could lift half hundredweights in each hand as easily as he picks up his pipe.

An elderly man who had been standing watching him painting by the roadside, approached him.

"No offense, sir," he began, "but is there anything the matter w' yer?"

"No," answered D'Auber. "What makes you ask?"

"Yer hair's long, are yer?"

"Yes, I am," answered D'Auber. "What makes you ask?"

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"Yer hair's long, are yer?"

Source of
Misery
PROTRUDING PILES

Read the evidence that this distressing ailment is cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Some people find it hard to believe that anything short of a surgical operation will cure protruding piles. The doctors have brought about this belief. There is any amount of proof that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for this as well as all other forms of piles.

Captain Wm. Smith, Revelstoke, B. C., writes: "I am with much pleasure I state you in praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching protruding piles of many years standing and it has completely cured me. I had previously tried many other remedies, but they did me no good. I would strongly recommend this ointment to those suffering from this complaint for it is a good and genuine cure."

Mrs. Captain C. Smith, Salvation Army, Essex, Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I write to you in praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment for protruding piles. I was taken with a severe attack of protruding piles and became so bad that I had to keep in bed for a week. I was in a position except on my stomach. Doctors could give me no help and the use of oils and ointments used provided of no use."

"One Saturday night when I was suffering untold agony my husband went to the drug store for a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment which I had heard of as a cure for piles. Although I had already given up hope, to the wonder of those around me I was able to be up on Monday and have had no difficulty from piles since. As a treatment for all kinds of sores and burns Dr. Chase's Ointment works like magic."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Opposed to Slang.

Donald had been to Sunday school, and was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was very full of his subject.

"Oh," he said, "it was about a boy and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then he killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy and—"

"Oh, no," Donald, no another boy?" his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground.

"It was, too," he insisted. Then he added, "The teacher said 'let's say I don't use words like that.'—Woman's Home Companion.

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When one has a pain in the head he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and heaviness, and the blood is full of dyspepsia, which will persist if it is not dealt with. Parnelle's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling quality in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

Mr. De Bore.—The hours fly when I am with you.

Miss Towle.—Well, that's one comfort—Cleveland Leader.

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Cholly.—My dear boy, why do you have the bandage around your head?

Reggie.—A thought struck me.—Puck.

If allowed to roam over your house, those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of the deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox.

Daughter.—Father, dear father, won't you forgive John and me for eloping?

Father, Dear Father.—Yes, if you—elope again right away.—Judge.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" asked one boy.

"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.

"Questions she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Washington Star.

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Currey's Electric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed. Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.

Caesar Got What Was Coming.

Some of the conspirators were frightened by what they had done. Not so the great and good Brutus, however.

"We have rendered unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," declared the noblest Roman of them all, wiping his dagger upon his legs.

And sure enough, when the ambulance arrived, the surgeon's first question was to effect that the dictator got his—Puck.

Teacher.—Tommy, you should comb your hair before you come to school.

Tommy.—Ain't got no comb.

Teacher.—Then borrow your father's.

Tommy.—Father ain't got no comb, neither.

Teacher.—Absurd. Doesn't he comb his hair?

Tommy.—He ain't got no hair.—Lippincott's Magazine.

W. N. U., No. 752.

Sunset in the "Red City" of Bavaria.

The numerous entrances to the old town of Rothenburg are guarded by beautiful watchtowers, which are inhabited by impoverished old women, who rent their airy lodgings for a nominal sum. The red twinkles of their lamps high over the dusky streets of Rothenburg at night—for it is as medieval in its lighting as in many other ways—is very charming in effect.

The walls of Rothenburg are a constant delight to visitors, who, by dint of much squeezing through narrow passageways and groping in darkness, are able to make a circuit of the city, getting glimpses on the way through loopholes of the green country outside. Wondrous views of the town are also to be had from many of the distant hills. At sunset the sight of its graceful towers and clutter of roof tops is like a fair vision of romance. The city blazes for a moment in a fiery mist, then suddenly melts, mirage-like, in the gathering dusk, leaving a sense of something beyond the dream, the illusion of an enchanted wand.—Rothenburg Letter to Vogue.

Thought She Had Arrived.

"I thought I had arrived to a perfect gem of an apartment on the sixth floor of one of those new houses," said the woman who paints china. "and an reveling in its liberal supply of fresh air and sunlight."

"But don't you get the stairs an overbalancing disadvantage?" asked an acquaintance.

"The thought of the cozy quarters at such moderate cost colors my climb with the rosiest hue of optimism," laughed the artist. "but one of my customers, middle aged and filled with good food and the joy of living, evidently found it a harrowing experience."

"It seemed ages that I waited in the hall after the ringing of the lower bell, and upon hearing the labored breathing of my ascending visitor I ran back for the smelling salts."

"When I had administered all the means of resuscitation at hand she managed to articulate between gasps: 'I thought St. Peter always opened the door.'—New York Times.

Food of the Chinese.

In the Kueen d'Hygiene Dr. M. Malone, who lived for many years in China, gives some curious details of the food of the Chinese. This is what he says of the sons of heaven and the way they eat eggs: "The Chinese are great eaters of eggs, which they take hard-boiled. One finds them in all the roadside places for refreshment. The Chinese are an expert in eggs of all kinds. They are placed with aromatic herbs in slaked lime for a period, the minimum time of treatment being five or six weeks. Under the influence of time the yolk liques and takes a dark green color. The white coagulates and becomes green. The product of the eggs, which has a strong odor, from which a stranger betakes himself as a d'oeuvre, and it is said to have the taste of lobster."

Expense No Object.

During an inclement spell of weather a lady of the order of the newly rich was so unfortunate as to contract a painful affection of the throat, and she accordingly accepted the advice of a friend that she consult a great London specialist noted for his expensive fees.

"Your ailment is not a serious one," said the specialist after examination. "You'll soon be all right. I'll just indicate your throat to your family surgeon precisely where to touch your throat with nitrate of silver, and I think that will meet the case exactly."

"Oh, doctor," protested the wealthy woman in a tone of mingled surprise and indignation, "do you order him to use nitrate of gold? Expense is a matter, I assure you, quite immaterial to me!"—London Answers.

Spontaneous Combustion.

Spontaneous combustion can only occur when oxidation causes the temperature to rise to the ignition point of the material. Spontaneous combustion of the human body is impossible on account of the heat regulating effect of the 75 or 80 per cent of water contained. The enormous heat necessary to dry the tissues sufficiently would destroy the body before ignition could take place. An old idea was that the alcohol in a confirmed drunkard might promote combustion, but Liebig showed that even if the body could give off inflammable vapor and this could be ignited the body itself would not be set on fire.

Her Proposal.

"You've been courting me now for a number of years, George," remarked the girl to a young man, "and I want to make a little leap year proposal."

"I'm not in a position to marry just yet," stammered the youth. "but—"

"Who said anything about marriage?" interrupted the girl. "I was going to propose that you stop coming here and give somebody else a chance."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Man's Superiority.

"Woman," exclaimed the suffragette, "is the equal of man in every respect."

"Oh, I don't know," replied a man in the audience: "it takes a man to put an angworm on a fishhook."

IN A COPPER CAMP.

Its Divisions Known as "Drill Town" and "Blag Town."

A copper camp has its own characteristics peculiar and apart. It has two distinct classes of workers—the skilled miners, who work under ground, and the smelter men, who range from experience and scientific training to unskilled laborers.

More often than not they form separate camps within the camp—"Drill Town," as the "slag-punchers" call the quarter given over to the men who "hit the drill" and "Blag Town" or "Little Hades" for the smelter men.

The smelter is the heart of the camp. In the community there is every variety of camp architecture, from the tent pure and simple and the "half breed house," which is a tent floured and boarded up along the sides to the turn of the roof and fitted with a "sore enough door" that will lock, to the hotel like a huge packing box with rows and rows of little, narrow windows set along the sides like polka dots on a shirt waist and a flat roof that does not reach an inch beyond the sides, the whole painted a faded green and jaundiced over with the red dust.

A great copper mine grows slowly. When there is a town above ground there is something like it below—tunnels, stations, stoves, workings reaching out like streets and alleys to follow the vagaries of the land. There is no gutting of a rich ledge and going on, no careless search for "pockets" to be robbed and left.

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41 Meat Market

Limited

Head Office:

Pincher Creek, Alberta

Markets in—

PINCHER CREEK Alberta

BELLEVUE

FRANK,

BLAIRMORE,

COLEMAN,

and MICHEL, British Columbia

Choice Meats

and prompt delivery is our guarantee

PACIFIC HOTELMrs. J. McAlpine
Proprietress**TEMPERANCE HOTEL**Is the place to stop when
in town. Good accommoda-
tions for travellers. We
have a large sample room.

Clean, large, well lighted rooms

Table unsurpassed in the West

Hotel Coleman

McNEILL, & MURR, Proprietors

Rates, \$2 to \$2.50 Daily

Special Rates Given by the Month

Grand Union Hotel

ADAM PATERSON, Manager

Liquors imported direct from Europe

and guaranteed

Sparkling Wines

Scotch Whiskey

Brandy

Gin

Ports

Cherry

Special attention to working men

\$1.50 Per Day

COLEMAN MINER

Published by The Foothills Job Print and News

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Advertising Rates on application

J. D. S. BARRETT, Manager

T. B. BRANDON, Editor

Coleman, Friday, August 13, 1909

BACTERIA IN MILK

This question is constantly being revived of late in a large number of centres of population. In addition though, of being revived and discussed, prompt and thorough methods should be instituted by civic authorities to maintain a standard of cleanliness that would lessen materially the death rate which now is sapping the life blood of the nation. Ordinary milk, we are told, is swarming with bacteria. The staggering fact that milk, retailed in city milk wagons and stores has been found to contain more bacteria to the ounce than sewage, has created quite a discussion. Tuberculosis germs do not exist in freshdrawn milk, except in cases where the cow has the disease localised in the udder.

The secret of pure milk is cleanliness, combined with prompt cooling and bottling or else some provision for keeping the milk in pure air. The conditions first are, clean cows fed on good food and water, housed in clean and well-ventilated stables and free from stench as possible. All milking utensils should be well scalded or steamed and exposed to sunlight. The aim is to keep down the bacteria, and the success you obtain in this measures your success in keeping the milk sweet. Pure milk is the most natural and wholesome food of man, yet it is the food that is most liable to contamination and bacterial infection.

THE NEED FOR A CANADIAN UNION

Freedom and archaic forms of arguing such as are used by the Frank Paper and the Fernie Ledger might be of use in Quebec where if you have no ammunition left you can use epithets or expressions which convey no relative idea to the subject in hand. Passing, then, over the ludicrous passages which have no weight we come to the one point of sympathy. This we will touch on at some length.

The Frank paper in particular questions whether union men in either country would allow themselves to be called out on a sympathetic strike. Here are its words, "We are inclined to think that even were it possible for the Americans to buy Tom Lewis body and breeches and were he to attempt to put such a strike into effect in Canada there would go up from Pete Patterson and the other international board members such a howl that as would put a very effectual stop to such proceedings."

This is against the very tenets of the Federation, of what use is an International union if sympathetic strikes cannot be called? To prove this statement we below quote the Winnipeg Free Press on the danger of a sympathetic strike in the United States as a result of a futile negotiations in Glace Bay.

"It is not believed that the Springhill company is supplying coal to any but its own regular customers. The miners, however, are asking how Mr. McCulloch can consistently order a sympathetic strike at Springhill or Sydney mines for the reason he gives without also ordering a sympathetic strike in the United States, as large cargoes of coal are coming regularly from Philadelphia to the Dominion Steel company because the Dominion Coal company cannot keep up its full supply. The local union at Springhill will not strike on its own account, leaving the responsibility for this with Mr. McCulloch and the executive leaders of the United Mine Workers."

If the leaders in Canada can obtain a sympathetic strike in the United States, cannot the leaders in the United States obtain the same in Canada? Is it not the same International union?

It is this that we are fighting against, we want none of Uncle Sam's worries or labor troubles neither do we care to push ours on him. A Canadian union will look supply after Canadian affairs and perhaps with more sympathy and thoughtfulness for its members than the large and cumbersome organization.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Coleman.

The right man in the right place, Mayor Cameron.

Dame Rumor has a long tongue and a weak mind.

It was a wise man who saith, "We can't elect you but we can defeat you."

The discovery of the iron will assist materially in the upbuilding of Coleman.

From the Calgary Herald.—The chief business of the coal miners in Nova Scotia seems to be to strike.

The wisdom of annexation is appealing to the citizens of Coleman and Slav Town stronger every day.

Lethbridge has one mine in operation and three in preparation while Coleman has two shipping and half a dozen in sight.

The fascinating manner in which Uncle Sam lowered the tariff, puts one in mind of falling off a log uphill. The grade was easy.

The Frank Paper's editorial on "Stuff and Nonsense" fell into the grinning editorial jaws of the Fernie Ledger, a fitting death for the said article.

The Post-office department has not yet recognized the claims of the Pass for an adequate mail service. Are we to be without the facilities for the proper carrying on of business for another year?

The editor of the Miner thanks the citizens of Coleman for their strong support, especially when the new management is undertaking so much in behalf of the town. At present every department is working overtime.

(Extracted from Silent Signs.)

WE NEED THEE, SHERMAN!

"And the stately union goes on,
To the haven under the hill
show But O for the touch of a
vanished hand.

Soft & Low And the sound of a
voice that is still."

A SAMPLE LETTER RECEIVED

Spokane, Wash.,

August 9, 1909

THE COLEMAN MINER,
Coleman, Alta., Canada

Gentlemen:
We enclose herewith our cheque for \$2.00, payment for one year's subscription to the COLEMAN MINER. We find that the paper contains all the important news of the Mining district, and it is very useful to us.

Yours very truly,
Sharp & Irvine Co.
B. E. Sharp.

MICHEL ELECTION

Dr. Johnson of Vancouver secured the greatest number of votes in the election for physician for the mines. It is not known yet where Dr. McSorley will reside in the future.

ANOTHER SMELTER

Last week's issue of the British Columbia Gazette gives notice of the registration of the Great Western Smelting and Refining company with a capital of \$600,000. The head office of the company is at San Francisco while the headquarters of the company in this province are situated at Vancouver.

THE GREAT LAKES

The Great Lakes Huron and Superior have a charm and beauty for which they are famous, and a summer trip across these greatest expanses of fresh water in the world, by the palatial steamship service of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, embraces almost ideal conditions for pleasure and enjoyment. The oft repeated saying, "It is never too hot and never too cold on the great lakes in summer," is true. The unrelenting conditions of blue skies and delightful refreshing breezes are conducive both to sleep and appetite. From Owen Sound to Sault Ste. Marie, thence to Port Arthur and Fort William, there is not an uninteresting moment, for the view is constantly changing. Giant freighters, numerous passenger boats, pleasure craft of all sizes, any variety of scenery come and go with remarkable rapidity. One lady Passenger remarked "The only thing regretted was that she was unable to be on both sides of the ship at the same time," as there was so much of interest to see.

W. L. Ouimette**Headquarters for Fine Clothing****"QUALITY"**Every
20th
Century**"QUALITY"**

Suit or Top Coat bears the 20th Century stitched in the breast pocket. But you don't need to look for the label—you can pick out these garments anywhere by their superior style, fit and finish.

When we sell you a 20th Century Suit, the deal is satisfactory to all concerned. We have the satisfaction of knowing the goods will please you, and you have the satisfaction of knowing they are the best you can buy.

**Blouse Clearing**
Extraordinary

On Saturday we will offer all our 90cts. \$1.00 and \$1.25 blouses at the given away price of 50c each, on time early and secure one.

Linoleums

We have received a further supply of floor Oil cloths and Linoleums of newest patterns and unquestionable values. If you need anything in this line we will be pleased to have you look at our stock.

Men's Shoes

We sell The Derby

There are none neater natter or more serviceable, Price \$5.00 a pair.

Special prices on men's Oxford Shoes on Saturday.

Bargains in the gro-

cery department

on Saturday

Men's Ready-to-Wear Suits

A Montreal Clothing Manufacturer has sent us twenty Sample Suits, they are fine fancy Worsteds, well lined, well made and fashionable cut. We can afford to sell these sample suits at a trifle less than their regular value—Better secure one.

How about that Boy of yours. Does he need a new suit? Bring him in and select one from our stock.

Men's Summer Underwear

We have about fifty suits of Men's Balbriggam Underwear good value at regular price of \$1.00. We clear them at 75c a suit.

Men's Balbriggam underwear. Regular \$2.00 suit. Clearing at \$1.50

Note This A Dinner Set At Your Own Price

On Saturday the 14th we will place in our window one of our best English Dinner Sets—97 pieces worth \$20.00. At ten o'clock the price will be \$20.00, and will be reduced One Dollar every half hour until the goods are sold. This the price at Twelve o'clock will be \$16.00, at One o'clock \$14.00, at Two o'clock \$12.00. Watch the clock, but don't wait too long.

Flour

Try our Harvest Queen flour at per 90lb sack \$3.00.

Creamery Butter

We are making many new customers by selling the Red Deer Creamery butter at 3 pound for \$1.00. Try it price Dairy Butter 25c a pound.

W. L. Ouimette General Merchandise

Advertise

In this Paper it is largely circulated all over the District. Read by over 4,000 people

Happenings at Blairmore

School opens next week.

W. J. Budd is in Calgary this week.

F. T. Mercer spent the week end in Macleod.

J. P. Cyr is erecting a new house in the Pelletier addition.

E. Morino is building a large kiln for the Pelletier Brick works.

Tom Bardley, an oldtime miner, is in town. They all come back.

Mr. and Mrs. Christie left for their old home in Scotland, Thursday.

Rev. J. M. Sutherland went to Lethbridge Monday for a short visit.

Mrs. Joseph Emmerson of Coleman, was a visitor in town this week.

George Gingham and party are spending a week fishing on the South Fork.

George A. Mills disposed of several nice horses to the business men in town last week.

The great cry this week is, when are we going to get a waterworks and the electric light. Its a conundrum.

A great number of Blairmore people spent Sunday at Crow's Nest lake. All report having a delightful time.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tait, of Content, Alberta, and old timers in the Pass, are spending a week with friends here.

Everyday sees additional men added to the mine force. Manager Chestnut has started a new tunnel this week.

Blairmore has the house famine, and by the way things are booming she will be short of "houses to let," for a long time to come.

The Rev. Mr. Hunter of Pincher Creek, is conducting services in the Baptist church during the absence of the pastor, Rev. James Sargent.

S. Acheson and H. E. Lyon are going to Seattle next Tuesday visiting Vancouver and Victoria en route. They will be absent about two weeks.

F. E. Kings, our genial C. P. R. agent, is doing some tall kicking these days for more assistance. The work at the station now warrants the addition of a couple more men to the staff, then some more.

Lille Jottings

Mrs. Lancaster, of Lundbreck, was visitors here this week.

Rev. J. F. Hunter Baptist minister of Pincher Creek, was a visitor to Lille on Monday.

Coroner F. W. Pinkney, has been appointed Justice of the Peace, for Province of Alberta.

GOOD HEALTH

There is presumably nothing in which we are more interested than in the health of our friends. The first question we ask when meeting them is, "How are you?" or "How do you do?"

If they have been indisposed we are more solicitous lest their illness may prove serious.

Despite this fact, there is nothing we are so reckless about as the care of our own bodies. We overlook and oversee them when they cry out against the wrongs from which they suffer, but we offer no apology. We know of nothing more long-suffering than the organs of the human body. The stomach will carry a third greater load than it should and bravely struggle on for months and years before going on strike. A similar statement could be made for the human heart. Nothing suffers more absolute abuse from its tenants than the human body. "Man is a harp of a thousand strings. He dies if one be gone."

How strange that a harp of a thousand strings, should keep in tune so long."

I was at the Salvation Army barracks in Lethbridge Tuesday night. The captain said that eight young ladies were going to be saved. In my enthusiasm I called out: "Save one for me."

Wife—"Am I, then, never to have my own way?"

Husband—"Certainly my dovey. When we are both agreed you can have your way, and when we differ I'll have mine."

A little boy whose grandmother had died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted:

"Dear Angela:—We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short-winded and can't blow a trumpet."

Tom Lee Laundry

Next door West of McDonald's Stable

First-class work

Goods called for and delivered

Crow's Nest B. C.

The Canadian Garden

Of The Gods

Spend a week end where the brooks sing a song of gladness, where the silvery sheen of the lakes lighten life's hum-drum pathway, where the mellow notes of birds form a symphony of Nature, never to be forgotten, where woods and trails and snow-capped mountains submerge the artifices of the town and city, where the profusion of coloring bespeaks the idyllic most insistently.

Trout-fishing, boating, bathing, dancing, a huge menagerie of wild and ferocious animals, excellent cuisine, unsurpassed buffet service, courteous conductors to point out the many wonders of the Summit, and reasonable rates at a first-class hotel, all combined to make your week end truly pleasant.

For detailed information, send a letter of inquiry. I want to meet you face to face and show you the wonders of the top o' the world.

ANDY GOOD,
Proprietor Summit Hotel

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Special Rates

TO

Toronto

Exhibition

TICKETS ON SALE

Aug. 22nd to Sept. 5th

FINAL RETURN LIMIT

Sept. 24th

Transit limit 10 days in each direction

For full particulars apply to nearest agent or to

J. E. PROCTOR,

District Pass. Agent

NOTICE

This is to inform the public that I

will not be responsible for any further

debts incurred by my wife since she

has deserted my home.

Antoine Gaidoux,

Blairmore, Alta.

Telephone 106

Calls up the

West End Livery

Where you get the best turnout in the town

Double and Single Drivers and easy gaited Saddle Horses

Wood always on hand

Sole local Agents for McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co.'s coal

Contract and Heavy Team Work a Speciality

We are here to please the people and all we ask is a

trial, no matter how small—"No order

too big, none too small."

Miller & Sanvidge

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Miller & Sanvidge

D. A. TAYLOR, M.D.C.M.

SPECIALIST

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

Stafford Block, Lethbridge, Alta.

OFFICE HOURS: 9.30 to 12 a.m.; 2 to 5 p.m.; 7 to 8 p.m.

FOR SALE

A good quarter section for sale or exchange for cattle. One mile and a half from Burmis Station. Apply to Thomas Tiffin, Coleman, Alta.

NOTICE

All births must be registered within thirty days. By order.

D. J. McIntyre,

Registrar.

T. W. Davies

Carpenter and Builder of

Coleman

Wishes to thank his many

friends for their kind patronage in the past and

also wishes to inform the residents of Coleman and

Blairmore that he has been induced to put in a stock

of Caskets and will in future be prepared

to undertake all arrangements for

Funerals

Headquarters

For the Finest

Quality

of Drugs

Beef, Iron and Wine (Nylas)

Call at our new and up-to-date Store

Everything in Stationery and Post Cards at

Coleman Drug Co.

H. A. PARKS

Telephone 106

Calls up the

West End Livery

Where you get the best turnout in the town

Double and Single Drivers and easy gaited Saddle Horses

Wood always on hand

Sole local Agents for McGillivray Creek Coal & Coke Co.'s coal

Contract and Heavy Team Work a Speciality

We are here to please the people and all we ask is a

trial, no matter how small—"No order

too big, none too small."

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Pay Day Specials

BIG SALE OF Ladies' Waists Summer Hats Men's Suits Shoes and Groceries

AT THE
Coleman Mercantile Co.
Dealers in
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Flour and Feed

Leave your orders
for High-Class Job
Work at this Office.

Real Estate

Fire, Life Insurance

General Brokerage

Business

If you want to buy, it will pay you to look over our list.
If you want to sell, it will be to your advantage to list with us.
If you want to insure, we can give you the choice of a dozen of the best companies.
If you want an Ideal Fruit Farm in the famous Okanagan Valley call on us.

D. J. McIntyre

Post Office-Building

Town Lots

Houses and Lots for Sale

In the cleanest and best town in
The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and Coking Coal

We manufacture The Finest Coke on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the

Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co.

Limited

High-Class Work

If it is a high-class job you want than send it to the Job Department of the Coleman Miner where it will be promptly executed.

HER REBEL HEART.

An Incident That Brought It Into Loving Submission.

By ALEXANDRA DAGMAR.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Oh, I spoke once, and I grieved that word I remember all that I said!

"Oh, it's you!" commented Nedra un-
graciously.She looked up from the basin of
sponges on the dining room table.
She was washing her great-grandmother's
believe—a task which she was
averse to intruding to hands less care-
ful than her own. Inwardly she was
meditating the reprimand she would
bestow upon Nedra for permitting this
particular visitor to enter unannounced."You don't appear overwhelmingly
glad to see me!" returned Aubrey Bow-
den.She sent him a swift glance—one of
obvious annoyance. He was standing
in the doorway. Tall, athletic, in his
leather coat, corduroy knickerbockers
and high rubber boots, she was forced
to admit that he made a splendid figure.But she dropped her eyes and went
on with her task.Not so Aubrey Bowden. He kept his
eyes fastened upon her—a gaze at once
wistful and adoring. Certainly she
looked extremely pretty, her blue morn-
ing gown enveloped in a blue apron,
her sleeves rolled up over the bewitch-
ing dimples in the elbows, a flicker of
angry color showing through the fair-
ness of her cheek.Bowden made a fresh conversational
plunge."I'm going down to the Kankakee
marshes shooting," he said. "There
are a lot of the fellows going—my
cousin, Andrew, and some more.
Nedra," quizzically, as she still evinced
no sign of interest, "aren't you going
to wish me good sport? I came six
blocks out of my way to tell you
about it."She found it hard to resist him when
his voice had that husky note in it—

"GOODBY, DEAR!" HE SAID BROKENLY.

half teasing, half loving. But she hard-
ened her heart and replied coldly:"Only this, Aubrey Bowden—that I
don't wish to know for the future
where you go or what you do. After
the outrageous way you acted Tuesday
evening, going away and leaving me
alone for half an hour at the theater
while you flirted with that gorgeous Bella
Wier. I've decided that I do not wish
to call here any more!"The pale rose in her cheek had deep-
ened to carmine."Oh, my Nedra!" He laughed
protestingly and took a step forward.
"You don't mean that, you know! I
was not gone more than ten minutes.
I used to go to school with Bella Wier.
And I hadn't see her for more than a
year.""You may see her as often as you
desire after this!" said Nedra signifi-
cantly.There was no smile in the young fel-
low's handsome eyes now."Nedra," he said quietly, "look at
me!"He was beside her. She felt herself
forced to obey that grave command.
She lifted to his face her gray, black
fringed eyes, filled with a soulfulness
foreign to them."Say you don't mean to break with
me for such a trifle," he pleaded."Why, I love you, Nedra. You know
that.""I have nothing to reconsider," she
never knew afterward how she man-
aged to enunciate the cruel words. "I
used to go to school with Bella Wier.
And I hadn't see her for more than a
year."For one breathless moment they
stood looking into each other's eyes.And then Nedra, in the door of fate,
dumbly reproached her. Before she
could bring herself to make retraction
he was striding to the door.

"Goodbye, dear," he said brokenly.

"I hope—"

The sentence trailed off into silence,
and he was gone.The girl stood staring at the closed
door. It looked like the door of fate
shut—fast but in her face. She sat
through a gush of belated, futile
tears.The day was one—a day, wretched,
blissful day. She could not think of
nothing. Every object brought some
memory connected with the man she
had sent out of her life.When she dressed for the evening
she found herself selecting the gownhe best liked and realized with a
wretched pang that he would no more
murmur praise of it—or of her. She
hated the pretty rose silk, with its
silken luster and coquettish little
black velvet bow.So forlorn she felt, so lonely, so be-
reft, it was with slight surprise that,
picking up the evening paper, she scanned
a tragic headline. But the signifi-
cance of what that ghastly line
of type indicated became plain to her
she gave a cry—a faint, weak, desper-
ate cry—and her mother, rushing to her,
found her, face downward, on the
floor, the paper clutched tightly in her
hand.To bring her back to consciousness
was the first thing to do—to find out
what had shocked her. The second.
And the paragraph in the paper, telling
of the accidental discharge of a gun
among a party of hunters bound for
the Kankakee marshes revealed the
latter.The physician, bending over the girl
the first of the unconsciousness suc-
ceeded one another, and he began
gravely. "Another very much afraid!"
he began.A queer, glad cry from Nedra start-
led them. She was sitting straight
up, her arms outstretched. "Did he
die? He died, then, so much?"The terrible tension over, she gave
way, sobbing convulsively. The doctor
beckoned to her mother. They left
the room."There is nothing more for me to do,
thank God," the old man said.Nedra put her arms around her lov-
er's neck and clasped her hands. "Did
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he die? He died, then, so much?"

AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

British Force Goes Into Wilds of
Northern Nigeria.Details of the expedition lately com-
manded by the southern Nigerian Govern-
ment, by which some 5,000 square
miles of hitherto unknown and un-
administered country in the north and
on the borders of Northern Nigeria
have been brought under effective con-
trol, have been received by Reuter's
Agency.These operations, which were carried
out among tribes who for the most
part had never previously seen a
white man, proved entirely successful,
and were so managed that there was
practically no serious fighting. They
began early in November last, and
only concluded in the middle of April.The British force consisted of 700
men of the southern Nigerian Regi-
ment, the famous "Chimure" of Colonel
Trenchard, who had with him thirty
officers, six Maxims and 700 carriers.The Yala people, in whose country
the columns moved for a month, gave
a good deal of trouble. When their
villages were entered they were found
to be deserted, the women and live
stock having been removed. The
men meanwhile had formed bush
camps, and when the British, who
they could see the approach of the
British, and had also hidden in the
branches of trees, those duty it
was to be destroyed.The people then took to their heels
and encamped elsewhere, but fired on
the columns when they were in their
regard as a tight corner. This tribe,
like most of those encountered, was
armed with flint locks and carried
their arms about, but, fortunately, the
country was fairly open and the aim
not very accurate.After some weeks of this kind of
thing the Yala came in, but declined
to give up their arms.On the previous evening, hearing of
the approach of a large force, dug pits
and planted stakes to prevent their
progress. What little hostility there
was occurred during the earlier part
of the operations in the Okoto country
and among the northern Ibo tribes.Colonel Trenchard's force started in
two columns—one from the Niger and
one from the Cross River—with in-
structions to meet at an unknown place
marked X, the two afterward
joining at Iken, where the first base
camp was pitched. From this base
small columns were sent out in vari-
ous directions, each being responsible
for a definite district, which was to
be explored, and where the officers
duty was to get into touch with the
natives and to show them how to
make good roads.In each case the commanding officer
of the column summoned the local
chief and explained the Government
terms, emphasizing the fact that all
human sacrifices must stop, that good
roads must be made, and that a British
commissioner would be appointed,
who would settle all disputes.On these occasions there were im-
pressive displays of military force, and
natives, in many cases cannibals, and
for the most part naked, or practically
naked, but did not show undue deli-
cacy at the advent of the British, and, as
a rule, silently listened to the recital
of the Government terms, and then
went away.The various columns report that they
found far less human sacrifice and
human rights in the interior than
known north than among the tribes
of the delta, and, on the whole, the
people were of a better physical type.
Several jalu places were seen, and a
big centre was destroyed. It was im-
possible to discover the nature of the
sacrifices practiced, but in the vicinity
of one big jalu house discovered in
a bush clearing there was found a
good deal of blood, whether human or
not was not ascertained.A remarkable ceremony took place
at Lacrosse, where Mrs. Thompson,
a pretty young Australian woman,
who is to be married to a Ben-
gali, and who is a Christian, was
christened and embraced Hinduism
as practiced by the Ayra Samajists.The ceremony took place in the
courtyard of the rajah of Vizian-
agram's residence, and was watched by
a large crowd of natives.Mrs. Thompson, a native of England,
with a pale blue "sari," bespangled
with gold, and heavy gold bangles on
her arms, was the center of attraction
at the ceremony, which lasted more than
an hour, she almost fainted.The convert's reception by the Ayra
Samajists was the customary "purifi-
cation" by fire and water. Mrs.
Thompson was then washed in the
Hindu river in a low voice, com-
monly washed her hands and head
and poured a spoonful of oil on a
sandal-wood tree. She then received a
Hindu name.

Too Many Novels.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in an ad-
dress read for her at the opening of
a free library at Kendal, said that
people read too much, but novels
never properly appreciated them.Novels were the jam of literature, and
all properly conducted persons should
begin their meals with bread and but-
ter. Writers of novels wanted read-
ers to be a little hungry for them-
selves, and to bring to the mind full
of the debris of a thousand plots—and
be proof against their little art. In
the latest of her own craft, she
urged all who might use the new li-
brary to venture out on the broad seas
of literature, to be hungry for serious
reading, full of curiosity and sym-
pathy, and ready to take trouble with
a tough subject and a long book.

The Lost Repeater.

When monsieur—the first monsieur
at the court of Louis XIV.—discovered
at his levee that his watch had been
stolen, presumably by one of his
valets, he finished dressing hastily
and, addressing them all, said:
"Gentlemen, the watch strikes. Let us
separate as quickly as we can." What
a tact and finish were here!The spirit of monsieur was admirably
caught by the French gentleman
who, in the evening, was sitting at
five o'clock in the afternoon, sim-
ply observed: "Sir, you have opened
very early to-day."—Cornhill Maga-
zine.

HANS THE COBBLER.

He Tells of Things That Take
Place in His Shop.

PUZZLES THE OLD FELLOW.

Can't Understand Why It Is That Peo-
ple Always Get Something For Noth-
ing in His Establishment—Sings Like
a Ladybird.[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary
Press.]If you go by the dry goods store,
do you expect dot merchant is
going to ask you to have some
strawberries and cream? If you go
by a blacksmith shop, do you be-
lieve dot blacksmith hands you out
a dish of ice cream? If you go by some
undertaker, does he present you with a
Tiddy bear for the children? If you
go by the coal yard, does dot man let
you draw for a prize package? Of
course no such thing happens. It is
only when people call in at a cobbler's
shop dot they want something for noth-
ing, and I can't make her out.I am on my bench putting a life on
a heel for an old customer when my
old friend Mr. Hammerding comes in.
He has some smiles on his face.
He makes me a bow and says good
morning and den talks over to dot
water pail and looks into it der
water. He goes on dot water pail
in der smile goes away like light
rapid transit, and he don't say any-
thing for two minutes. I don't look
up and ask his wife is dead. I
shush him to myself!Oh, der cat's in der cream, and der cow's
in der corn.
Under der water pail, and der husband
forays."Say, Hans, says Mr. Hammerding—
he looks mad, 'what you got in dot
pail?'"

"Water."

"Why you got water? You vhas a
nice man to have water when a cus-
tomer comes in? You vander your
so near der poorhouse all der time. I
come in here to ask you about a new
pair of shoes, but instead of beer I
find water der water—shut plain
water! Do you believe I stand dot?
No, sir. I vhas no such man. I
know, when insulted, I go out. Do
you hear—go out!""Oh, der cat's in der cream, and der cow's
in der corn.
Under der water pail, and der husband
forays."

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JEM MACE'S PENNILESS

FAMOUS ENGLISH FIGHTER AN
OBJECT OF CHARITY AT 78.Veteran Pugilist Is a Great Dresser.
However, and is a Common Sight on
Piccadilly on Sunny Afternoons—
He Is Strong and Active and Even
Now Is a Formidable Man for a
Novice to Meet in a Bout.Jem Mace, the old champion pugil-
ist, has been in the public eye a great
deal the past few months. Jem is to-
day without a cent and has made ap-
plications to the English Government
for an old age pension, but without
success thus far. The veteran pugilist
at one time could have drawn his
check for \$300,000, but lost the money
through unfortunate speculations and
on the turf, having been a keen lover
of horses in his prime. Yet the old
warrior is far from being absolutely
destitute, for he has a host of friends
says a correspondent who recently
visited him in England. His brother-in-
law has urged him again and again
to make his home with him, but the
old man insists on being independent
and continues to live alone in a little
room in London. He spends a few
hours every day in the snug of theBluescoat Boy, an old-fashioned Isling-
ton inn that was famous resort of
sporting men in the days gone by.Almost any afternoon he may be
found sitting there surrounded by an
admirable crowd of youngsters, who
are eager to hear of his great battles
of the past.The old fighter is a great dandy.
His silk hat is of the shape and style
of 20 years ago, but it is as glossy as
the day it came out of the hatter's
bandbox, and his frock coat of the
same vintage is without spot or speck,
and is carefully pressed and buttoned
round his athletic old figure. His gray
moustache is as carefully waxed as is
the hair of a young man, and he is
the veteran strolling along Piccadilly
on a sunny afternoon would put him
down for some bygone dandy revisiting
the scenes of his past triumphs.

At the South Pole.

Many interesting sidelights on the
experiences of the Shackleton South
Polar expedition continue to be given
by the members of the company. For
instance, Professor David of Sydney
University on his return related in
the Melbourne Argus how the com-
pany kept entirely free from cold until
they had been in the ice for some
weeks. As soon as these were
opened all took severe cold. There
was, he thinks, a bad cold germ in
the balance, as the atmosphere of the
antarctic is free from noxious germs.Professor David also states that dur-
ing the winter they kept to the true
day and night, although it was always
dark, except that at noon a faint twi-
gle of light was visible.Mr. Bertram Armitage, of Victoria,
another member of the expedition,
states that the most remarkable effect
of the cold which he noticed was the
loss of the sense of touch in the
fingers. It was almost complete. "Sup-
pose you wanted to look for a knife
in your kit-bag, you would put your
hand in and feel round for it, and you
would actually have it in your hand
and not know it. It was the same with
everything we handled. We saw that
we picked it up, and saw that we held
it; but we could not feel that we
had it."

Risks for Jack.

At a time when the public are talk-
ing so much about the navy and navy
matters, the following facts about the
rules and customs prevalent in the
navy may be of interest to some of
the public. The quarter-deck must always
be saluted on being approached.Postal orders are also at face value,
without poundages being charged. The
master-at-arms, or chief of police is
the only man in the ship, not being
an officer, allowed to wear a knife
There is a Government savings bank
on board every ship, paying 3 per
cent, but it must not be used in
Roses are marked red if made at
Forthmouth, blue at Davenport, yellow
at Chatham. Grogs are always mixed
with three-parts water before being
served out to the men; warrant offi-
cers and petty officers alone receive it
undiluted. An officer's mess is served
court-martial is laid on the table,
point toward him, when he enters to
the finding if he has been ad-
judged guilty, is reversed if he is
acquitted.

First Honor to Mother.

A Turk always stands in the pres-
ence of his mother until invited to sit
down, a compliment he pays to no one
else.

Regular Press Press.

Belinda—I never was so embarrassed
in my life. How in the world did
every one find out that you loved me?
Billy—Why, dear, wasn't it printed?
—Detroit Free Press.Mosquito—This is what I call hard
luck. I have been through this in
seventeen places, and there isn't a
man inside, after all.

Couldn't Whisper.

"I never whisper soft nothings to
my wife."
"What! Never?"
"No. She was a bit deaf even when
I first met her."—Kansas City Times.

Not in It.

"My ancestors were in the May-
flower," said the haughty lady.
"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs

100

ALL OVER THE WORLD
thousands of housewives
use Sunlight Soap in pre-
ference to any other, because
it cleanses the clothes more
thoroughly, and at half the

cost without injury to hands or fabric.

Easily Explained
"What a young-looking man Bu-

"Yes, he has hardly a grey hair, and there's not a wrinkle in his face."
"Mrs. Burnaby must be a good deal older than he. Her hair is almost white, and her face is deeply furrowed. Did he marry her for her money?"
"No, she's about his age—a little younger, if anything. He merely does all his worrying in his wife's name."

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.
The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while whole-

effective is mild and agreeable. The violent pains or purgings follow the use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

In the Distance

Insurance Agent—Pardon me, madam, but what is your age?

Miss Antique—I have seen twenty-three summers.

Insurance Agent—Yes, of course, but how many times did you survive?

Proud

"They say he's proud of his baby."

"Proud! I should say he is. I actually believe that something has occurred in his family that no other family has ever experienced."

DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE OF TORONTO.

LEGACY CONTINUED.

FRANK CROSBY writes from Ottawa that he was partner of the firm of F. J. CROSBY & Co., d.d. 1906, and that the late chief justice had been a shareholder in the company. He says that the estate of the deceased chief justice will be paid by the same firm, and that the firm will pay the sum of \$100,000 to the widow of the deceased chief justice. The firm of CROSBY claim cannot be held by the same firm.

FRANK J. CROSBY.

Wrote to believe me, and that they may see this fifth day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON.

Western Post.

ITALY.

ITALY. OUTSIDE CASE IN ITALIAN INTERVIEW.

drawn upon the fixed and enormous source of
system.

Sold by all Druggists. J. F. CHERNEY & CO., Toledo.
Take Main's Family Pills for constipation.

No Incentive
"Why don't you start for the poles?"
"Because my lecture manager has
completed his bookings. I could
not find a place next winter if I
covered ten poles."—Louisville C
ter-Journal.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thro
on a fence and hurt my chest v
bad, so I could not work and it h

me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, warmed on flannels and applied on my breast, cured me completely.

C. H. COSSABOOM
Rossway, Digby Co., N.S.

One Point in Their Favor
 "The meals at this hotel are something awful."
 "They are, but you must remember, dear, that is perhaps the only reason we don't have to fight our way into the dining room."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

"Your new butler seems rather awkward." "For a butler, yes; but if he is a detective I think he does very well."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by
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Meek Little Wife

"Did you take me for a fool when you married me?" cried an angry husband to the thick-skinned domestic, who had just been quarrel, to which the wife meekly responded—

"No, Samuel, I did not; but you always said I was no judge of character."

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